HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series 1. Episode 11. A Trip To France

TONY HANCOCK

With

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR & SIDNEY JAMES

In

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 11
With

KENNETH WILLIAMS

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT & RECORDED BY THE BBC AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ

SCRIPT BY: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY: DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSALS: MONDAY 10th JANUARY 1955: 2.00-5.00pm. AEOL.2 11.00pm. PARIS

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REPEATS: SATURDAY 15th JANUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS

SUNDAY 16th JANUARY 1955: 3.15-3.45pm. GOS

CONTINUITY:
(Live) THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in…

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) "Hancock's Half Hour".

GRAMS: CROSSFADE ON PAUSE CHORD TO.. "VICTORY AT SEACOCK"

GRAMS & SPOT: LAPPING AND SPLASHING OF WATER

TONY: Any sign of the lifeboat yet Number One? Poor devils - out in this weather. The waves are like mountains. We've had a message from the flagship. There's eleven U boats in the area. Look, there's one surfacing. By heavens, I don't think he's spotted us. Action stations! Full steam ahead. Starboard your helm. Stand by the depth charges. Stand by the for'ard guns. FIRE!!!

EFFECTS: (HEAVY BANGING ON SOLID DOOR)

BILL: (OFF MIKE) Tub, how much longer are you going to be in that bath?

TONY: Shan't be long Bill, I've just got to escort the toilet soap back to port.

BILL: Well hurry up, I'm coming in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. WATER SPLASHING)

BILL: (ON MIKE) Now listen Tub, I….(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)

TONY: (NARKED) What are you laughing at?

BILL: And I thought Moby Dick was just a legend. Come on, out of that bath.

TONY: Half a minute. Mustn't let that German submarine get away.

BILL: What German submarine?

TONY: The scrubbing brush stupid. Ah good, hooray, three cheers, we're saved. Here comes the Aircraft Carrier...H.M.S. Soapdish. Hard astern. We'll go and meet her. Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop.

BILL: Watch out - rocks dead ahead. Great big black craggy rocks.

TONY: Will you kindly leave my knees out of naval manoeuvres. Hallo. Action stations! Submarines sighted. Wolf pack. Ten periscopes just broken surface.

BILL: They're your toes.

TONY: I know.

BILL: Then what are you worried about?

TONY: I'm not facing that way.

BILL: Yeah, that's a point. Why <u>are</u> you sitting up the wrong end of the bath?

TONY: I've lost the plug.

BILL: Now come on Tub, hurry up and get out of that bath. Moira'll be round in a minute.

TONY: Alright me hearty, turn your back.

BILL: Oh, come now.

TONY: Turn your back.

BILL: I don't see why, you've still got your trousers on.

TONY: Well the water wasn't very hot. Pass the bath towel, shipmate. Now the talcum powder. Right, you can swab the decks down, I've finished.

EFFECTS: (DOORBELL)

BILL: That's Moira.

TONY: Let her in while I go in the bedroom and change into me shore rig. (GOES OFF SINGING) "What shall we do with the drunken sailor..etc.

EFFECTS: (DOORBELL)

BILL: Coming.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

MOIRA: Hallo Bill.

BILL: Hi Moira. Come in.

MOIRA: Where's Tony?

BILL: He's in the bath.

MOIRA: I hope he's taken the jellies out.

BILL: Oh no, they're his submerged limpet mines - he's been playing boats.

MOIRA: Oh no. Don't tell me he's got the sea fever again.

BILL: Yeah. Each day he relives a famous battle. Sunday it was Trafalgar, Monday...Jutland…

MOIRA: And today?

BILL: The Cruel Bathwater. You never know who he's going to be next. Yesterday morning he woke up, he was Nelson - when he went to bed, he was Jack Hawkins.

MOIRA: Oh, that's so stupid. Who is he when he's asleep?

BILL: Errol Flynn, he's not that stupid.

MOIRA: I don't understand it. Why does he keep getting this craze for the sea?

BILL: Well you know...The Englishman's traditional love for the water.

MOIRA: Nonsense. The nearest he's ever been to the sea was on New Year's Night when he fell in the fountain at Trafalgar Square.

BILL: I know, but he's always fancied himself as a great sailor. He says he's got a touch of Drake about him.

MOIRA: What have his <u>feet</u> got to do with it? I suppose he'll start dressing up in his sailors suit again...and you know what that means.

BILL: Yeah. Out on the Serpentine every morning, one arm tucked in his waistcoat, a patch over one eye, scanning the boat house with a rolled up newspaper, shouting " I don't care if I have had me tannersworth, Napoleon out there's due in before I am".

MOIRA: We've got to do something about it. I'm not living for a fortnight on salt pork and biscuits again.

BILL: I don't mind that….but he won't go to sleep unless I stand outside waving a kipper and throwing buckets of water at his window.

MOIRA: He's a long time in that bath….who's he got in there - Glynis Johns?

BILL: He's getting dressed. Ssssh, here he comes.

EFFECTS: (BOSUN'S WHISTLE)

TONY: Ahoy there me hearties.

BILL: Aye Aye Cap'n.

TONY: Come along now, it's twenty past eight bells and there's a nor nor East Trade Wind blowing in from Shepherds Bush, so keelhaul me main braces and splice the cabin boy I'm having me grog in the mess tonight.

BILL: What part of the house is that?

MOIRA: Every corner of it.

TONY: Shiver me timbers, a woman on board me ship. Open the front door, signal a number seven bus to come alongside and cast her adrift in the High Street.

MOIRA: Look, Hornblower, stop this nonsense and take those silly clothes off.

TONY: Silly clothes? This is me sailors set. It was made to measure.

MOIRA: Yes..but you were only seven at the time . That was twenty three years and fourteen stone ago. And that ridiculous little hat. (SCORN) H.M.S. Lollipop.

TONY: Well I had a crush on Shirley Temple when Mum bought it.

BILL: Look Tub, we're not going through all this sea nonsense again, are we?

TONY: Ah, you're an Australian, you wouldn't understand how an Englishman feels about the sea. To be out there amongst the wild waves, the vast ocean swelling up all around you, the biting wind lashing the salty spray into your weatherbeaten face, to feel the roll of the decks beneath your feet, the mighty vessel riding the pounding waters, up and down, up and down, up...down...up….down...up….up….down...and...up……open the window.

MOIRA: We've had all this out before Tony. it's just a silly fad. You'd never make a sailor. What good would you be on board ship?

BILL: Save them taking on ballast.

MOIRA: Yes…..but even so, you can't be a sailor by staying on dry land all your life.

TONY: I realise that. Which is precisely why I've decided to buy a boat.

BILL &
MOIRA: What!!!

TONY: You heard. I'm going to be master of me own ship. Travel where I please. First of all I'm going to sail up the eight great rivers of England.

BILL: There's only two….the Thames and the Severn.

TONY: Seven and one?

BILL: Eight.

MOIRA: But that'll take you years. Why, do you realise over two thirds of the entire world is covered by water?

TONY: I'm not surprised, we've had a lot of rain lately.

BILL: There's just one small point. Where are you going to get this boat?

TONY: Well I've made the Dockers an offer for their yacht. They want eighty thousand quid for it.

MOIRA: And how much have you offered?

TONY: Thirty five and six. Of course I don't expect to get it without haggling a bit. Failing that, I can easily answer one of the adverts in the "Shipowners Monthly". I've got a copy here.

MOIRA: Show me. Ah, here we are…."Boats for Sale".

TONY: Any there with engines?

BILL: Let's see. Eighty thousand ton Naval Surplus battleship for sale. Spacious accommodation. Upper and lower decks. Make ideal houseboat for young couple with two thousand children.

TONY: No, I don't think so. Make a note of it though...might come in handy for the future, eh Moira? (LAUGHS. DRIES. CLEARS THROAT) Any more Bill?

BILL: Yeah, here's one. "All types of seagoing vessels for sale or hire. Immaculate condition. All craft guaranteed seaworthy. Must sell before the tide comes in. Apply Sidney James, Steamship Company, Southampton Docks".

TONY: Sid James - in the shipping business? I'm not buying any boats off <u>him</u>.

BILL: Oh now Tub….

TONY: No - the man's a crook. He's always twisting me. I always get into trouble when I buy anything off him.

BILL: Look, you want a boat don't you?

TONY: Yes.

BILL: You want to go sailing up the river don't you?

TONY: Up the river, not up the creek.

BILL: Look, if it'll make you any happier I'll come down with you and help you choose the boat.

TONY: No thanks.

BILL: And why not? I'm quite a seafaring man myself. Look at the times I've sailed from England To Australia...the hard way...under canvas.

TONY: In a sailing boat?

BILL: In a lifeboat, I could never afford the fare. Look, at least we can go and see what boat's Sidney's got. He might have just what you're looking for.

TONY: What do you think Moira?

MOIRA: I'm not saying anything. You wouldn't listen to me last week...and what happened? He sold you twenty acres of land to build a house on at a pound an acre.

BILL: Why, that's marvellous...so cheap. Where was the land situated?

TONY: Mind your own business.

BILL: Where was it Moira?

MOIRA: Half way up the side of a cliff.

BILL: Look, there's nothing to worry about this time. Let's all go down, have a look at the boats...and if we don't like them, we don't buy.

TONY: Alright then, I'll give him one more chance. But I'm warning you Kerr, if he catches me again I'll….I'll push you on the floor and roll on you. Come….to Southampton.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (TRAIN SPEEDING ALONG. HOLD UNDER)

TONY: We nearly had a wonderful gag for this bit.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (DOCKSIDE ATMOSPHERE)

TONY: Now then...what number pier is Sid on?

BILL: Thirteen.

TONY: That's put the mockers on it before we start.

MOIRA: Here we are. That's pier thirteen over there.

TONY: Oh yes, I see it. The the ones with all the bits of driftwood floating round the end.

BILL: They're his boats.

TONY: Goodnight.

MOIRA: Tony come back.

TONY: I'm not buying any of that lot. Look at 'em - they've all been riddled with cannonballs.

MOIRA: They're the portholes.

TONY: Oh.

BILL: Here's Sid's office. Let's go in.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

SIDNEY: (OFF MIKE) Don't come in, I'm on the hooter. (ON MIKE) Hallo, hallo. Yes that's it. Calais, France, 65. 79. 31. Hallo Gaston? Oh, Pierre. Ici Sid here. Oh bon, bon, very bon, how's vous? Oh not so bon eh. Well look Pierre, about ce soir. It's all off. I can't get across. I'll have to pick up the fags and the brandy another night. No, no, the Customs haven't tumbled. I said the Customs n'avez pas tumbled. No. It's just that I can't get a crew. I'm sorry Pierre, I can't handle the boat by myself. I've got to have a crew..and I haven't got one, so there it is. I just can't find anybody stupid enough to go across.

EFFECTS: (KNOCKING ON DOOR)

SIDNEY: If I could get a crew I'd see you tonight. (CALLS) Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

BILL: Hiya Sid.

TONY: Morning Sidney.

MOIRA: Hallo Mr. James.

SIDNEY: Pierre - see you tonight.

EFFECTS: (RECEIVER DOWN)

SIDNEY: Well now gentlemen, what can I do for you?

BILL: Tony wants to buy a boat.

SIDNEY: And you couldn't have come to a better man. I got a marvellous selection of vessels outside. The finest collection of boats ever smuggled out of a breakers yard.

TONY: Can we have a look at them?

SIDNEY: Certainly. Is the tide in?

BILL: Yeah.

SIDNEY: You'd better put these on.

TONY: What are they?

SIDNEY: Diving suits.

MOIRA: Mr. James, let's get one thing straight. Tony isn't interested in buying any of your wrecks. He wants a nice looking, well built, easy to handle fast little job.

BILL: That's it. Something just like Moira.....said. Sorry. Ha! Ha!

SIDNEY: Well, shall we step outside and take a look at the fleet? I'm sure we've got something tucked away that'd suit you.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. DOCKSIDE ATMOSPHERE)

SIDNEY: There you are. Look at that lot. Luxury class they are. Do you know, last week I had the Dockers down here looking at this lot.

BILL: What happened?

SIDNEY: They refused to unload 'em.

TONY: Ah...I've seen it. Say no more. That's the one I want. That's her. That's me craft. How much do you want for her?

SIDNEY: I'll find out. (CALLS) Charlie. Ring up Cunard, ask 'em how much they want for the "Queen Mary".

TONY: Is that the "Queen Mary"?

SIDNEY: Yes, she's sailing tonight.

TONY: She won't be sailing tonight matey. It'll take 'em a week to get the paddles on.

SIDNEY: The Queen Mary isn't a paddle steamer.

TONY: I know, I was only joking. Ah, it's a wonderful sight to see her going down the old Channel...sails billowing, two thousand oars hitting the water all at once...in out, in out, in out…

MOIRA: Don't be silly Tony, what do you think those funnels are for.

TONY: Funnels? Oh, the chimneys. Well it's winter, they've got to have fires in the rooms.

MOIRA: Tony, they're not rooms - they're berths. There two thousand berths on that ship.

TONY: What, every trip?

MOIRA: Of course.

TONY: Wait till the Sunday papers get hold of this lot.

SIDNEY: Look stupid, never mind about that ship, what about mine? I've got a yacht her that I'm very proud of. Look at her. Ain't she a beauty?

TONY: The sails are a bit ragged and dirty aren't they? We'll have to get them mended and cleaned up a bit.

SIDNEY: I'd appreciate it if you would.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: That's my washing. Let's go aboard and have a look at her.

TONY: Right. My word, this is a bit dodgy. You'll have to get a wider gangplank than this.

SIDNEY: The gangplank's over here, that's the mooring rope.

TONY: Here, are you sure this boat's safe?

SIDNEY: Of course it is. Why?

TONY: Oh nothing. I was just wondering why the lifeboat's got a lifeboat.

SIDNEY: I'll tell you.

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: One's a non smoker.

TONY: Oh I see. Well, I must admit she's taken me fancy. How much?

SIDNEY: Well Tony, as you're a friend of mine, I'll…

TONY: I'm not paying that much.

SIDNEY: Well alright then, I'll tell you what I'll…

TONY: Still too much.

SIDNEY: Look, I'm not going to argue with you. I don't have to sell <u>you</u> the boat. I've got a cash customer in the office waiting to buy it.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Oi Sid, where's that firewood you promised -

SIDNEY: (CALLS) Later, later, I'm selling it. Now what about it Hancock?

TONY: Weeelll…

SIDNEY: Tell you what I'll do, here's a peaked cap with gold braid on…

TONY: Oh yes...Moira, Moira...cop the lad here. Look Bill….Captain Horatio Hancock. (LAUGHTON) Mr. Christian, I'll see you all hanging from the highest yardstick. Fifteen hairs on the dead man's chest, yo ho ho and it comes out here. What do you think Moira?

MOIRA: It suits you Tony. I like the gold braid.

TONY: Gold braid? During the war we nautical men called it scrambled egg and ...grouaaagh.

MOIRA: What's wrong?

TONY: It is.

SIDNEY: Hancock, do you want this boat or not?

TONY: Can I keep the hat?

SIDNEY: Course.

TONY: Alright then….how much?

SIDNEY: To you...fifty quid.

TONY: I'll take it. A bargain. Money well spent that is. Now then...how much for the boat?

SIDNEY: Don't you want to try it out first?

TONY: Well I….

SIDNEY: Take a tip from me Tony boy. Never get tied up with anything you haven't tried out first.

MOIRA: That doesn't apply to everything Mr. James.

SIDNEY: How does this sound then? I'll let you sail it over to France tonight, bring it back tomorrow morning.

TONY: Really?

SIDNEY: I insist. I'll come with you of course.

TONY: Bags I'm Captain.

SIDNEY: Oh naturally.

TONY: Good. We'll go to France then. I'm looking forward to those old French Customs.

SIDNEY: The idea is to avoid them.

TONY: Alright, as long as I'm Captain. And don't forget, as Captain I am responsible for every one of you...and for everything that goes on, on board my ship.

SIDNEY: Can I have that in writing?

TONY: Come on, let's get under weigh.

GRAMS: "VICTORY AT SEACOCK"

EFFECTS: (THROB OF SHIPS ENGINES. WASH OF SEA. GULLS ETC.)

TONY: (SINGS "A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE") Ah, this is the life - miles out in the open sea. Not another vessel in sight, nothing but….hallo, what's that following us?

SIDNEY: The Pier, I told you we should have cast off.

MOIRA: Ooh look, there's the Isle of Wight. Dead ahead.

TONY: Ah yes, what do we do here?

MOIRA: Turn left unless you want to take a bus.

TONY: Right. (CALLS) Bill, stick your hand out of the porthole, we're turning left.

SIDNEY: Now we've got to be very careful here Hancock. It's getting dark. Got to watch where you're going.

TONY: Don't tell me what to do - I'm the Captain here. You're just a deck hand. Coming the old acid. I've squeezed more salt water out of me socks than you've sailed on. Of course it's getting dark. I spotted it straight away...as soon as the light started to go I noticed it. You've got nothing to worry about with Hancock at the helm. It's dead easy driving a ship in the dark. What can go wrong when you've got lightships, marker buoys and lighthouses to guide you.

EFFECTS: (TREMENDOUS CRASH AS SHIPS COLLIDE. THE LOT. ENGINES OUT - SEAWASH UNDER)

SIDNEY: Alright, what did you hit?

TONY: A lightship, two marker buoys and a lighthouse. (CALLS) Any damage?

BILL: (OFF MIKE) Yes. One propeller gone. Rudder missing. Main mast gone. The stern's caved in..and there's a dirty great big hole in the side.

TONY: Yes..but anything <u>new</u>?

BILL: (OFF) No.

TONY: Engine alright?

BILL: (OFF) Yes.

TONY: Are you sure?

BILL: (OFF) Yes. It's securely bolted to the lower deck.

TONY: Good.

BILL: (OFF) There's only one thing.

TONY: What?

BILL: (OFF) The lower deck's gone.

MOIRA: No engine. What are we going to do now?

SIDNEY: We'll have to hoist a sail.

MOIRA: Where can we get a lump of canvas big enough?

TONY: What's everybody looking at my trousers for?

MOIRA: This is an emergency.

TONY: It will be if I take 'em off.

SIDNEY: Get 'em off.

TONY: Oh alright. There.

SIDNEY: Blimey, that's a flash pair of pants you've got on ain't it. White with red polka dots.

TONY: Moira made 'em for me.

SIDNEY: Where did you get the material?

MOIRA: I sewed ten Japanese flags together.

TONY: Alright, thank you, you've got me trousers, just leave me with me dignity.

SIDNEY: Right, hoist his trousers. Ah that's better. We're going at a fair old lick now.

BILL: (OFF) Hey, watch out at the wheel there. There's a rowing boat dead in front of us.

TONY: Tell him to get out of the way.

BILL: (OFF) He won't budge.

TONY: Drive straight at him then. Get our sharp end up his wake, he'll soon move.

SIDNEY: Here, that collision must have done some damage. We're listing to starboard.

BILL: Wait a minute, wait a minute. We're straightening up again.

SIDNEY: Thank goodness I...hallo, now we're listing to port.

MOIRA: No, it's alright, we're straightening up again.

BILL: No, wait a minute...what the…?...we're listing to starboard again.

MOIRA: What's going on I…. (CALLS) Tony! Stop walking round the boat.

SIDNEY: Here we've got to get a move on if we're going to get to France tonight. Come on now… FULL TROUSERS AHEAD!

GRAMS: "MAL DE MERCOCK"

EFFECTS: (WIND. HEAVY SEAS. CREAKING OF TIMBERS)

TONY: Gad, what filthy weather. Any sign of the French coastline yet Number One?

BILL: Well I can't see a thing through the glasses sir.

TONY: Let me have a look. Well of course you can't see anything, they're sunglasses. Fool. Get off me bridge. It's such a night! Oh what a night it is, it really is, such a night. (STARTS SINGING) The moon is bright, oh what a night it is, it really is, such a night. I'll give my heart to her in sweet surrender, I'll always remember, I'll always remember….

BILL: (DOES THE BASS WITH HIM)

SIDNEY: (OFF MIKE. INTERRUPTS) Oi Hancock, stop dancing about, we're listing again.

MOIRA: Tony, Bill, I've brought some hot cocoa up.

BILL: So have I, it must be the weather.

MOIRA: Tony, just a minute. Turn around. Yes. has anyone ever told you you look like Jack Hawkins?

TONY: No - not recently.

MOIRA: Well you do. With that dufflecoat on and that mug of cocoa, you're the living image of him in "The Cruel Sea".

TONY: Oh don't be silly. Nothing like him. Now mind out. (CALLS) Two points to starboard Mr. Mate. Watch your helm. Keep those hatches clear. Keep that deck cargo fastened. Secure the lifeboats. Batten down the….do you really think I look like Jack Hawkins?

MOIRA: Yes, honestly. The resemblance is amazing.

TONY: Ah, you're imagining things. I've got a different shaped head altogether. No, I can't see it myself. (CALLS) Batten down those hatches. Bring her round against the wind. Half speed. Keep her steady now. Two more points to starboard. Watch that gibbet. Swing round the yardarm. Lower the boom. Break out those top gallants. Bill.

BILL: Yeah?

TONY: Do you think I look like Jack Hawkins?

BILL: It's uncanny.

TONY: Yes?

BILL: No kidding.

TONY: Hmmmm. (YELLS) We'll have sixteen depth charges at thirty second intervals. There's one <u>down</u> there I tell you. Are you sure there's nothing on that radar screen? This convoy must get through. Watch out for torpedoes. Zig zag formation. Aaah, periscope, periscope. Action stations. All hands on -

SIDNEY: (OFF) Hancock!!

TONY: Ericson, Captain Ericson to you.

SIDNEY: Well, whoever you are, come down and give us a hand with this bucket, the ship's leaking.

TONY: Well put a bowl under it.

MOIRA: I say look, what's that light out there? Somebody's signalling us.

SIDNEY: Alright, put the brakes on, this is as far as we go.

MOIRA: Aren't we going to france?

SIDNEY: This is near enough. Stop the ship.

TONY: I'm the Captain here.

SIDNEY: Do as you're told and shut up.

TONY: I don't like the look of this. Get behind me Bill.

BILL: Where are you?

TONY: Behind Moira.

SIDNEY: I'm taking over from now on...and you'll do what I tell you...see?

TONY: So it's mutiny eh?

SIDNEY: Yes.

TONY: Mutiny is an ugly thing.

SIDNEY: So are you, now shut up. Give us that megaphone. (CALLS) Ahoy there!

VOICE: (WAY OFF) Ahooooy.

SIDNEY: Pierre? Ici Sid.

TONY: Ici Sid? You can't say that. I see Sid. He saw Sid. But not ici Sid. I'm not having that.

SIDNEY: Look I…

TONY: Ici Londres is alright, ici bon's alright….if he don't sing...but ici Sid, never, I'm sorry.

SIDNEY: Stow your gab. (CALLS) Pierre. Bring your boat alongside. We'll load the stuff onto the deck.

MOIRA: (SOTTO) Tony, I've just realised what's happening. Sid's a smuggler. He's picking up contraband from this Frenchman and smuggling it back to England. We've got to do something.

TONY: By heaven's you're right. Leave this to me Moira. There'll probably be a fight. Now listen, if things start getting tough, promise me you'll go down to my cabin, lock the door and hide under the table.

MOIRA: Why?

TONY: 'Cos that's where I'll be.

BILL: No Tub, we can't let him get away with this. We've got to stop him. I'll come with you.

TONY: Alright, you first.

SIDNEY: Alright Pierre, start slinging the stuff across.

TONY: Just a minute James. We're not going to let you get away with this. Smuggling's against the law..and we're going to see that you get what's coming to you. It's people like you who undermine the whole economic stability of the country. Evading Customs duty, just for your own selfish ends. What's inside those cases?

SIDNEY: Brandy.

TONY: Hup.

BILL: To you.

TONY: Down your end a bit.

BILL: To me.

TONY: Careful, don't break 'em.

MOIRA: Tony - Bill - what are you doing?

TONY: Keep out of this, there's a good girl Moira. To me.

BILL: To you.

TONY: Gently does it. That's the lot. Good lad Pierre. Be back tomorrow night with a bigger boat. Right. Turn round. Back to England. Quick. We haven't got a corkscrew with us.

GRAMS: "TIME & MOVEMENT"

SIDNEY: Now we've got to be dead careful here Hancock.

TONY: Aye Aye Captain.

SIDNEY: We must be somewhere near the English coast.

MOIRA: It seems to me we've been going round in circles for the last three hours.

TONY: I've been following the course Sidney marked on the chart. Look, there it is.

MOIRA: Show me. Oh Tony.

TONY: What?

MOIRA: That's where I rested my cocoa mug.

BILL: Say fellows - there's a motor launch heading this way. H. M. Customs and Excise.

SIDNEY: Here you are Hancock, you can have your hat back. You're Captain again.

TONY: I thought I would be.

KENNETH: (OFF MIKE) Ahoooy there.

TONY: (CALLS BACK) Morning! Nice day!!

KENNETH: We're coming aboard.

TONY: Sorry, full up. There's another one coming up behind.

KENNETH: Now then - which one of you is the Captain?

BILL, SID &
TONY: She is.

KENNETH: I won't keep you long. I just want to make a routine search of your boat. Can't be too careful. We never know who's trying to smuggle brandy across the Channel do we eh? (LAUGHS)

TONY: (LAUGHS WITH HIM. VERY FORCED) Cor dear.

KENNETH: Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll start searching. Come men.

GRAMS: "ALL GOING WRONG"

BILL: How much longer these guys going to be searching? All this waiting. You would have thought they'd have found it by now.

MOIRA: Well Tony doesn't seem to be very worried about it.

BILL: Why, where is he?

MOIRA: Leaning over the side talking to that Customs Officer.

SLIGHT FADE IN

TONY: ….Of course this isn't the first time I've been to sea you know. You can tell by me gait can't you.
ALAN: Yes, you <u>have</u> got a big one haven't you.
TONY: Well it's me teeth you see, they don't fit properly. I'm having 'em out next week. Well anyway, as I was saying, during the war I commanded a minesweeper.
ALAN: You swept mines?
TONY: Well you have to, they get filthy don't they? Anyway, from the first day I took command there was trouble.
ALAN: There would be.
TONY: There was. They resented me. Nothing was said, mind you. But there was that atmosphere, if you know what I mean. Little things...like knives sticking in doors just as you're going to open them. So anyway...do <u>you</u> think I look like Jack Hawkins?
ALAN: No.
TONY: Oh, I just thought I'd ask. Well as I was saying, the men didn't like me. Cos I was strict. Well you have to be. Cos the war was on.
ALAN: Yes, I heard about that.

TONY: Of course you did. It was in all the papers. Well anyway, the long and the short of it was I was disliked. I knew there was a conspiracy against me. There was a thief on board...but I couldn't pin anything down until the Tuesday.
ALAN: What happened then?
TONY: The strawberries went, then I had 'em. Cos nobody helped me...they were all against me. I didn't have a friend on that ship. Clicking these little steel balls in me hand doesn't annoy you does it?
ALAN: No, very musical.
TONY: Well anyway, I confronted 'em with it. "Where's the strawberries?" I said. That had 'em. They could see I was in for it, so they mutinied. They gathered up one end of the ship and stared at me...nudging each other...tapping their heads. Cos they thought I was ill. But I wasn't. It was the strawberries. So I said "Back you mutinous dogs, or I'll have you court martialed. That was the turning point. They could see they

was up against a born leader. They were uneasy. They could see they'd gone to far. I felt sorry for 'em. Cos they were only kids, just out of the jazz clubs. So to show 'em I didn't bear any malice, I made a peace offering. I walked towards 'em with me hand outstretched. They appreciated that. They all rushed in a body...and with smiles of gratitude all over their faces, they came up to me, clasped me hand...and do you know what they did? They threw me overboard.

KENNETH: Excuse me Mr. Hancock.

TONY: Oh...I suppose you've found the er -

KENNETH: Yes. Three hundred bottles of brandy. You didn't fool us, painting them all white and tying a note round them. "Only two pints tomorrow milkman". This is the best brandy on the market, you realise that? Unobtainable in England. Worth a fortune.

TONY: We would have got more, but we didn't have a bigger boat.

KENNETH: Too bad. Well come along, let's go.

GRAMS: "ELGAR HANCOCK"

EFFECTS: (SEAWASH)

SIDNEY: (CALLS) Pierre, Ici Sid. Same again for us.

TONY: And six hundred cases for the gentleman in the peaked cap. It was six hundred wasn't it?

KENNETH: Yes, that's right.

TONY: And five thousand crates for the Admiral. Yes, we've got enough room. How you managed to borrow the Vanguard I'll never know. Hup.

KENNETH: To me.

TONY: Down your end a bit.

SIDNEY: To you.

BILL: Slowly down.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME (UP & UNDER)

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was

composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END